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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, APRIL 11, 1901. NUMBER 6

DON'T WORRY.

Why shadow the beauty of sea or of land
With a doubt or a fear?
God holds all the swift-rolling world in His hand,
And sees what no man can as yet understand,
That out of life here,
With its smile and its tear,
Comes forth into light, from Eternity planned,
The soul of good cheer.
Don't worry—
The end shall appear.

—ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

Boston, Mass.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1901. NUMBER 5

"Mother Cohen" lived on Bunker street, which is in the heart of the Russian Jew Ghetto of Chicago. She had seen better days, but not during the many years she lived in this neighborhood. She lived in a room for which she paid two dollars a month. She earned her living by washing and other odd jobs. But she was eighty-eight years of age. She was taken with pneumonia and the glass of hot lemonade which a neighbor brought her did not suffice. She died in the ambulance on her way to the county hospital. In her little room there was nothing found but a well worn Yiddish Bible and one old dress. Before she started she gave her last twenty-five cents to a little child, the last of many pennies that her shrunken hands had placed in the hands of the dreary, weary little children of the neighborhood who had learned to love her. Her death was followed by a public movement among the children of Bunker street. They massed their pennies, they solicited from door to door. They tried to raise money enough to bury "Mother Sohen" in some other place than the Potters' Field. In this they failed, but they raised money enough to buy her a shroud more elegant than any robe she had worn in life, and the plain pine coffin had flowers on it. One of her little pensioners broke his bank and found $2.80 in it. He invested it all in violets for "Mother Cohen's" coffin. Chicago has had another "Queen's burial."

According to General Carson Lathrop, the "second reader" of the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, as reported in the papers last Monday, this society had a "divine manifestation" two years ago, when "the Lord of Hosts did engrave the engraving on the corner stone." By divine intervention the inscription was corrected according to the wish of Mrs. Eddy. The text handed to the stone cutter was "New York Second Church of Christ, Scientist," but three days before the corner stone was to be laid with fitting ceremonies Mrs. Eddy wrote that it ought to be "Second Church of Christ, Scientist, of New York City." The officers were much exercised, but after much prayer they decided "that the engraving must and should be changed in time for the Easter ceremony," and lo, next morning, the words "New York" were neither on the architect's plan nor upon the stone. Following the report of this "divine manifestation" comes in the same dispatch the announcement that "the church was not dedicated last Easter, as had been expected, the ceremony having been postponed until the edifice is owned free of debt." So it seems that there are some things that divine intervention is not equal to. The Lord may change the inscription on a corner stone, but even the Christian Scientists, it seems, at times find him reluctant about paying bills.

The Sinai Congregation of Chicago celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary last Sunday. During twenty years of this life we believe our associate and neighbor, Dr. E. G. Hirsch, has occupied the position of Rabbi. To say that under his leadership it has come to be one of the most powerful Jewish societies in the country, is to inadequately state the case, for more than anything it has done for Judaism, to the credit of this society it should be said it has furnished a platform for a man who has compelled Christendom to respect modern Judaism as it affects to honor ancient Judaism. Dr. Hirsch has rendered Judaism into nineteenth century terms which is but another way of saying that he has emphasized the universal elements to the subordination of the peculiar elements in the Jewish religion. He has spoken in the common tongue of morals and religion which the growing experience of mankind as well as the growing scholarship recognizes as common elements in the human soul, and in proportion to its growth the soul comes to this common ground of righteousness, love and reverence. Dr. Hirsch has been a civic power in Chicago, all the more so because he has been a fearless exponent of morals and religion as emphasized above. As editor of *The Reform Advocate* his Jewish parish has been much wider than Chicago. As a lyceum lecturer he has reached immense audiences in all parts of the country. As vice president of the Congress of Religion with his society as hosts of this Congress in its first two meetings and as the largest contributors as a society, to its resources from the beginning, he has been a large factor in this work. Altogether the Sinai Congregation has done much to hasten that day prophesied by Professor Sanday, of Oxford, when "all thinking men will be of one religion."

The Christian Scientists dedicated their second church in Chicago last Sunday, a beautiful edifice on the west side, erected at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The auditorium has a seating capacity of 1,450. It is all paid for by the four thousand members that are said to represent the Chicago constituency. Mrs. Eddy sent a letter of congratulation. After bidding them to "heal the sick, make spotless the blemished and raise the living dead," she abjures them "to cast out fashionable lunacy." This last commission is rather vague. We may not fully apprehend her meaning, but it would seem as though this might be a more difficult task than any yet undertaken. When Christian Science will take the bird off the woman's hat, put her feet into hygienic shoes, loose the imprisoning corsage, strip the body of its superfluous gewgaws, interfering trains, inartistic but costly silks and ribbons, when it has a conscience concerning the liveried coachman who sits in the pelting storm while the master or mistress is peaceably denying the existence of flesh and of weather in an elegant marble structure that casts its one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollar shadow over wretchedly

clothed, inadequately fed and overworked men, women and children, then and not till then, to our mind, will it begin to "cast out fashionable lunacy."

F. B. Sanborn, the veteran philosopher, lover of liberty and all around philanthropist, contributes to the *Springfield Republican* of April 5, a column account of his arrest in Concord in 1860 by a United States marshal for complicity with the John Brown affair. It is still a thrilling story, though forty-one years have transpired. The Senate order for his arrest was issued Feb. 17, 1860. The officers found their way into the house by a fraudulent paper asking for charity. Then he was arrested and promptly handcuffed. His family at that time consisted of a sister and a single domestic. These two women could not put five men to rout, but they gave vigorous alarm, and before a carriage could be obtained by the officers the town bells were ringing. Judge Hoar, then on the supreme bench, had issued a writ of habeas corpus, and in less than twenty minutes from the time the handcuffs were on, the officers were leaving town in a hurry without their prisoner, and by 4 o'clock the next day he was discharged by the full bench of the Supreme Court in Boston. The names of Judge Shaw, Governor Andrew, Wendell Phillips and Walt Whitman appear among those who had come to see about this business. American history cannot afford to overlook this narrative, least of all can the friends of the nation who live in the Southern States, the descendants of the heroes of the confederacy, afford to be ignorant of the spirit that animated the men through whom came to them so much trouble and so much light, so much agony and so much release. They need to know this story that personalities may fade, that passions may cool and principles be the more clearly revealed, and the slow, impartial sweep of progress be more reverently apprehended.

Chicago welcomed home this week the Thirtieth regiment of United States Volunteers, which was recruited in this neighborhood and which has served its time in the Philippine war. According to the testimony of many of the privates and non-commissioned officers, freely given to the newspapers, the soldiers have had "enough of it," and they give no cheerful outlook for the future. "No more of that country for us" they say. "The trouble is not over by a good deal," said a corporal. "The very day we were ordered to leave, our garrison had to drop its preparation and turn out to engage in one of the toughest skirmishes with the natives we had ever experienced." Some of the soldiers seemed to think that Funston's achievement shines more brilliantly in America than on the island. "He is always playing to the galleries," said one of the soldiers. Said another: "In my mind there will never be an end to the war. There will be numbers of brigands for years owing to the demolishment of all the industries on the island. These men are the backbone of the rebellion. They will fire on a United States soldier whenever they see him. There is not a province on the whole island where an American soldier can walk alone in safety. A corporal's guard is reasonably safe, but it is courting an attack for a soldier to walk alone even in the streets of Manila." This is sad witness to the grim truth that the way of the invader is a hard one and the struggle of the conqueror is a long one. Over two years ago, at the beginning of the onslaught, UNITY predicted that we were entering upon a century's struggle, similar to that which we have been waging with the Indians, with similar results, in which there would be but little honor to the United States and small benefit to the natives. Now that Aguinaldo is out of the way and, according to the Washington phrase, "organized resistance is at an end," the question of the withdrawing of our armies and supplanting the methods of force by the methods of peace and of freedom is not only a more urgent but a more available question than ever before.

The Passing of Theological Controversy.

Perhaps "The New Century" has already been overworked by the religious editor, but there must still be room for it in the meditations of the thoughtful and in the aspirations of the earnest. The new issues and fresh problems that crowd upon us at the dawn of the new century would be more appalling were it not for the attendant fact that the old theological controversies are passing. There is so little interest at the present time in the battle of the creeds that much of the strength of mind and soul is left to grapple with the problems of individual and corporate ethics. As people grow less nervous about hell, they have more time to consider the woes that now are.

There lies upon our table an interesting batch of printed letters called forth by the editor of *The Christian Life,* our contemporary across the seas. This London journal of English Unitarianism asked a large number of the leading thinkers of England to indicate what they considered to be the dominant note of the new century, the pressing issues that looked to the new century for solution, and we are going to give our editorial space this week to some of the answers given by our English neighbor.

THE REV. P. H. WICKSTEED.

REPENTANCE AND HUMILITY.

We can never live to think ourselves as leading the armies of God, but we must hope, and strive, and pray so far to purify ourselves from our great treachery, as to be counted worthy to take some part, together with others, in striving to rebuild what we have done so much to destroy.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

SPIRITUAL GROWTH MUST OVERTAKE MATERIAL.

The nineteenth century in moral and spiritual growth has not kept pace with the material advance. Our prospects will be gloomy, indeed, unless our descendants in the new century that opens tomorrow can restore the balance by a higher moral and religious life.

THE REV. HENRY SOLLY.

TRAIN THE CHILD—RE-PEOPLE THE LAND.

I should answer: *Morally:* training up the children in the way they should go. *Economically:* Bringing the people back to the land; reviving the old yeomanry class under improved and largely developed conditions—small holdings, village communities combining agricultural and mechanical industrial pursuits.

THE REV. T. E. M. EDWARDS.

TAKE CHRISTIANITY INTO THE MARKET-PLACE AND COUNCIL-HALL.

Cannot we do something to translate the laws of Christ into society, and teach men that society exists for the sake of the human beings that compose it, and not for the selfish advantage of the few; that human progress can only be secured as righteousness and justice are established between man and man? Let us then co-operate to bring to pass in human society a truer and happier condition of things than that which has prevailed in the century that has gone.

THE REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.

BACK TO THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

We cannot possibly tell what special tasks and problems will come to the front. How, then, can we hope to be able to suggest to the inheritors of the century "the most important thought." Just now I am so aghast at the truculent selfishness of so-called civilized governments, and at the callousness of the people who back them up, that my only possible "most important thought" is this—that we need to make a very serious and strenuous effort to get back to at least the elementary principles and to the spirit of the Christianity (or humanity) of Christ. In my judgment, the only message Christ has for us now is: "Why call ye me 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things which I say?"

THE REV. H. SHAEN SOLLY.

CO-OPERATION—PATIENCE.

The twentieth century must continue working for the achievement of the aspiration of Wordsworth uttered ninety-five years ago:

What one is,
Why may not millions be?

For this end we must utilize the knowledge we have now acquired. We know what science can teach us, and what it cannot teach us. We know what the Bible is, and what the Bible is not. We must seek our end, not by the method of competition, which crushes the weak and selects the fittest for survival, but by the method of co-operation, which lifts up all together. We must labor earnestly, but also be content to let "patience have her perfect work," remembering that God never grudges time.

MR. S. S. TAYLER.

RECOGNIZE THE VALUE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

To be persuaded:

That life is not a game of chance; that it is of the greatest importance to recognize the value of the individual.

That it is the duty of society not only to give protection, but to give opening and opportunity for the best development of all the members of the human race.

That man may be lifted from the elementary, the crude, the barbarous, and the coarse, and become thoughtful, provident, and refined, and attain to true grandeur and nobility of life; and putting aside vicarious atonements, superstitions, priestcraft, and fear, worship at the shrine of truth, knowledge, and love.

THE REV. CANON BARNETT.

MADE TO THINK.

The chief need for the new century is a conception of God based on modern knowledge and experience. People in a search for scurity try to make themselves strong, rich, or happy. They fail, and they hide their failure in a sort of hysterical activity which shows itself in the politics and the pleasures and the literature of the present time. They need to be assured of a course of life, to have a foundation on which to stand without doubt, and to see a duty fitting to men and women of the twentieth century. There has, during the last years of the nineteenth century, been a great advance in man's power of doing, there has perhaps been an advance in his power of arranging his thoughts; but there has not been an equal advance in his power of thinking. The people of the present day do not seem capable of abstract thought, and so they have lost hold of God as the source of action. I believe that if they could be made to think they would find, not far from themselves, the God who spoke through Jesus Christ condemning their pride and their self-indulgence, and leading them to seek before all things to be on earth as those who serve rather than those who rule.

MR. FERDERICK MADDISON.

Late M. P. for the Brightside Division of Sheffield.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO DO THEIR OWN THINKING.

"The social question is a political one, and the political question is a religious one." So taught Mazzini, and this seems to me the lesson for the democracy in the New Century—to understand that God and Truth do not exclusively or primarily belong to priests and Levites, but to each individual. Men are tired of seeing religion made a reproach of by its professional advocates failing in times of national crisis to voice the spiritual truths of Jesus, and becoming mere echoes of the vulgar prejudices of a ruling clique, or of the thoughtless crowd. Men and women of deep faith and strong conviction, who do their their own thinking and realize the supreme responsibility of the individual—these are the need of the Twentieth Century. And the all-important work is to create the moral and spiritual atmosphere which will produce them. None are so fitted for this task as those whose religion is the simple faith in God and in the universality of the Law of Love.

THE REV. H. PRICE HUGHES.

Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.

CONSCIOUS COMMUNION WITH GOD.

In our healthy reaction from other-worldliness, we have also lost touch of that heavenly mindedness, which is something exceedingly different from other-worldliness, and which has characterized all the best and noblest of our race. What we are in greatest danger of lacking is spirituality, by which I mean conscious communion with God. All those who have really made England have had conscious fellowship with the Unseen, the Eternal, the Divine. Apart altogether from avowed ministers of religion and ecclesiastical saints, every really noble and influential Englishman, from Alfred the Great to General Gordon, has lived in the presence of God, as seeing the Invisible, and so has done justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with God. As Carlyle himself acknowledged, the profoundest of all truths is uttered in the declaration of the Scotch Catechism, that the chief end of man is to know God, and to enjoy the love of God forever. If God is not in our thoughts, we cannot preserve the best traditions or fulfill the providential purpose of the English race.

DR. CLIFFORD.

Ex-President of the Baptist Union.

THE OLD VOICES ARE MADE TO RING CLEAR AGAIN.

I wonder whether your readers know Orville Dewey? I hope he is not forgotten. He taught me the doctrine of "the moral limits of accumulation," in my college days; made me to see that simplicity of living is divine, and that "luxury" is as much a folly and a snare as it is a sin. I hope he still speaks from your pulpits and teaches in your homes.

And Channing! well, everybody who knows, knows him, and welcomes his gracious and illuminating wisdom for the guidance of his life! But, before I opened your letter this morning, I had listened to that prophet of the Highest, as in my "Daily Text Book" he met me with the rhythmical cadence and majestic music of his speech, saying, "High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams, and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start in some fresh march of faithful service." Yes! God gave us many gifts in the Nineteenth Century; but the greatest gifts are His sons and daughters, who voice His thoughts and breathe His spirit, and do His will.

With all my heart, I say God bless you! and increase the number of those "who do the good only to see the better, and see the better only to achieve it; who are too meek for transport, too faithful for remorse, too earnest for repose; whose worship is action, and whose action is ceaseless aspiration."

THE REV. T. L. MARSHALL.

MORE WILLINGNESS TO DISCERN THE TRUTHS OF OTHERS.

I feel complimented by your request, but just the same has been made by a certain contemporary of yours, to which I am bound in honor to give the preference—if I say anything at all. The message which *I* think Unitarians—or, at least, a great many of them—must heed at this time is not to be quite sure that they are infallible; to be more willing to discern the *truths* that underlie most of the orthodox doctrines; to talk less about our *freedom*, which is quite secure, and think more of reverence and obedience to our highest; to cultivate friendly relations with other denominations. (As a matter of private experience, I have always found clergymen and churchmen generally, of all shades of opinion, perfectly ready to be friendly with me, but they have fancied that Unitarians rather cultivated a spirit of cold isolation.) And, finally to face manfully the real facts of our denominational position, as *The Christian Life* does, instead of "prophesying smooth things." But Unitarians generally would resent this, as I know from past experience, and prefer the prophets of smooth things, who tell us that the "great heart of the world is longing for *our Gospel*"—a hateful phrase, as if we had a private Gospel of our own, which, in our condescension, we are willing to impart in a languid sort of way to those who care to listen. Such a Gospel, too, in the mouths of some who say they care only for freedom and their own private fads.

Social Interdependence and the Labor Problem.

For none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself.—Romans xiv:7.

The only way for a human being to live in complete independence of his fellows is to live in the woods or the deserts. Such a life, if sustained at all, would be the life of the lowest savage eventually. Interdependence is a sign of civilization, because it is evidence of increased specialization of social functions, and the specialization of functions is the primal law of growth or of progress. The lowest form of animal life is unspecialized. The jelly fish helpless on the sands or largely at the mercy of the waves shows but the merest rudiments of special functions. In the higher forms of animal life functions are greatly specialized. Eyes, ears, legs, arms, hands, stomach, heart and lungs perform special functions, each contributes to each and

the healthy normal whole results from the harmonious interdependence of the various functions. The rudest form of social life is unspecialized. Each member of it performs all forms of social service indifferently. In the highest social life specialization of tasks reach a higher degree of complexity. Here is the physical basis of a necessary social interdependence. Each contributes to each. For culture, education, clothing, food, houses, for even life itself, each class is vitally and necessarily dependent upon other classes. The farmer upon the manufacturer, the manufacturer upon the farmer. The dreamers upon the producers, the producers upon the dreamers, the man who sells upon the man who buys. Thus our whole social life, highly specialized as it is, is by virtue of that high degree of specialization inextricably interrelated in its various functions. Social interdependence is an inevitable, necessary condition of civilized life. It is the distinction between savagery and civilization.

A striking illustration of this is mutual dependence of labor and capital. In primitive society capital and labor were not distinguishable terms. Our rapid industrial development, coupled with industrial specialization of functions, have wrought a clear distinction between the comparatively small class who control capital, and the larger class which merely exchanges its labor for a share in the products of labor and capital. Between these there is a growing warfare. Great revolutions heretofore have turned chiefly upon the question of human rights politically considered. Theoretically that battle is nearly won for human rights. The conflict of the future, a conflict as inevitable as the former, is between the respective claims and rights of labor and capital. Our new commercial and industrial life has produced a new issue. Upon the proper and just solution of this problem rests social welfare in an even greater degree than upon individual rights. In one sense this later issue is only another form of the question of individual rights.

It is to be remarked first, that under our present industrial system, or under any system for that matter, both labor and capital are necessary to any highly developed industry. They are not incidental distinctions. They are manifestations of the law of specialization. If either were to be destroyed, probably the world would suffer less by the retirement of capital than by the suspension of labor. Suspend all labor even for a limited time and all would starve, since gold, bonds, and stocks do not possess the functions of satisfying hunger or thirst and labor alone makes their purchasing power of any use. But the fact is labor and capital are mutually dependent under present conditions. Without labor the world could not survive a year. Without capally dependent under present conditions. Without The first step, then, in the solution of the labor problem is the clear understanding on the part of both labor and capital that they are *mutually dependent.*

Secondly, it must also be as clearly understood that in their legitimate functions *labor* and *capital have equal rights.* Whatever prejudice now exists in favor of the superior rights of capital over the rights of labor is merely a remnant of the old common law which held property more sacred than man. Where the rights of labor over capital are held superior it is a revolt against the age long idea that some superior right, legal and moral, inheres in property. The fact is, all prejudice aside, labor and capital have equal moral rights and should have equal legal rights. If labor has the right to combine so has capital. If capital has the moral and legal right to vast combinations the same must be conceded to labor. These mutual rights are not yet quite clearly conceded either by labor or capital, or by the independent public, nor are our courts altogether clear and unanimous about the matter. But any theory which approaches this problem with the assumption that any legal or moral right inheres in capital that does not inhere in labor or vice versa fails from the start.

Thirdly, this much being admitted, it follows that the vital question in modern labor troubles is not the right of either labor or capital to effect combination, but is wholly a question of the right use or abuse of the added powers of organization. Labor organizations are here to stay for the present. They are manifestations of the law of mutual interdependence confined to one line of human interests. They are in other words inevitable, and in their proper uses have been of great value to the laboring class. Combinations of capital are here to stay likewise and for similar reasons.

Fourthly, the important thing now it seems is not for labor and capital to seek to destroy each other's organizations but to honestly seek how to harmonize their mutual interests and become mutually helpful rather than mutually destructive. In the present enflamed state of both labor and capital it seems that each had rather fight than arbitrate.

This brings us to the fifth consideration, namely, the rights of the public in the matter. Here is a third party which suffers quite as much or more than the parties immediately interested in a given labor difficulty. So mutually interdependent is social life at present that a labor war affects every phase of social life. The innocent suffer equally with the guilty. The shop keeper, the grocer, the landlord, everybody suffers. Business stagnates. It will some time be clearly seen that the public as an interested party must have some regular and effective means of enforcing its rights. It will not much longer tolerate the high and mighty airs of either labor or capital, each of which seems to say "the public be hanged," we will do as we see fit about this matter.

Recent events in the world of capital emphasize anew the vast problem of capital and labor. It is but a question of a few more years, unless unforeseen circumstances turn the tide, ere we shall see practically one vast organization of capital, facing one vast organization of labor. A struggle between two such armies, involving practically the main industrial and commercial interests of the nation would be to paralyze the energies of the country for many a year, if not to plunge it into anarchy or possible revolution. The vast interests involved call for patience, wise counsel, mutual concessions, and great leadership. Only the recognition on the part of both labor and capital of their inherent and inevitable interdependence, can reach deep enough for anything more than a temporary solution of the mightiest problem history has ever faced.

R. A. WHITE.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

Born at London, O., 1861. Practices his profession as a lawyer in Chicago. Has published "Poems of Gun and Rod," 1892; "Poems," 1895;" "Poems of the Town," 1901.

The Crow's Wing.

Curving sweep of a burnished wing
Black as the gloom of a winter night,
Strong in a sense of hardy flight
Over the woods and the mountain height,
Winds and the white moon following.

What though the lightning's fancies played
Hide and seek in the darkling skies,
Thou on the storm's broad breast didst rise,
Sailing on as an arrow flies
Loosed at a foeman's ambuscade.

What though the hail made fierce attack
Beating down on thine ebon wings,
Rain that chills and the sleet that stings—
Naught to thee were these buffetings
Borne along in the tempest-wrack.

Holding still to thine airy path
Silent, stern as the seal of fate,
Thou hast learned to watch and wait,
Morn break soon or the stars rise late,
Come what may for the aftermath.

Send my soul on a sable wing
Death, when the darkness falls on me;
Let me wander by land and sea
Free as the crow's flight, yea, as free,
Winds and the white moon following.

Ecce Signum.

The wealth of Croesus one had gained,
  One told his ancient line;
Another honors high attained—
  They died, and made no sign.

One yielded life his friend to save,
  A beggar one did dine;
One sang a song to free the slave—
  They died, but made the sign.

Oh, thou whose memory is the cross,
  And crown of thorns divine;
Dear Christ, let me not know that loss
  To die, and make no sign.

Geronimo.

Beside that tent and under guard
In majesty alone he stands,
As some chained eagle, broken-winged,
With eyes that gleam like smouldering brands—
A savage face, streaked o'er with paint,
And coal-black hair in unkempt mane,
Thin, cruel lips set rigidly—
A red Apache Tamerlane.

As restless as the desert winds,
Yet here he stands like carven stone,
His raven locks by breezes moved
And backward o'er his shoulders blown;
Silent, yet watchful as he waits
Robed in his strange, barbaric guise,
While here and there go searchingly
The cat-like wanderings of his eyes.

The eagle feather on his head
Is dull with many a bloody stain,
While darkly on his lowering brow
Forever rests the mark of Cain.
Have you but seen a tiger caged
And sullen through his barriers glare?
Mark well his human prototype,
The fierce Apache fettered there.

Interesting Extracts from the Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley.

One of the most interesting things about the recently published "Life and Letters of Huxley" is the bringing together in small space and accessible form his opinions upon a great variety of subjects outside of his scientific work, connected with that work, of course, more or less, but in no sense technical or controversial. His opinions have had great weight in the world, and a vast influence upon the thought of his time, and the interest of the general reader of the fascinating volumes is concentrated many times upon his statements of his ideas concerning human life, death, immortality, duty and other of the deep things which move the soul of man.

For the benefit of the many who will not have the time or opportunity to study these things out for themselves, I have thought it useful to bring some of these most vital utterances together, without much note or comment, feeling sure that a few will be glad to take note of them. Let us begin with a few of a practical nature: "If you will accept the results of the experience of an old man who has had a very chequered existence—and has nothing to hope for except a few years of quiet down hill—there is nothing of permanent value (putting aside a few human affections), nothing that satisfies quiet reflection, except the sense of having worked according to one's capacity and light, to make things clear and get rid of cant and schisms of all sorts. That was the lesson I learned from Carlyle's books when I was a boy, and it has stuck by me all my life. . . But if it were my case, I should take my chance of failing in a worthy task rather than of succeeding in lower things. People will never recollect that mere learning and cleverness are of next to no value in life, while energy and intellectual grip, the things that are inborn and cannot be taught, are everything." In a letter to Mr. E. T. Collings, in 1883, he answers an important practical question in his usual straightforward manner.

"I understand that you ask me what I think about 'alcohol as a stimulant to the brain in mental work?' Speaking for myself (and perhaps I may add for persons of my temperament), I can say, without hesitation, that I would just as soon take a dose of arsenic as I would of alcohol, under such circumstances. Indeed, on the whole, I should think the arsenic safer, less likely to lead to physical and moral degredation. It would be safer to die outright than to be alcoholized before death. If a man cannot do brain work without stimulants of any kind, he had better turn to hand work—it is an indication on Nature's part that she did not mean him to be a head worker. The circumstances of my life have led me to experience all sorts of conditions in regard to alcohol, from total abstinence to nearly the other end of the scale, and my clear conviction is, the less the better, though I by no means feel called upon to forego the comforting and cheering effect of a little.

"But for no considerable consideration would I use it to whip up a tired or sluggish brain. Indeed, for me there is no working time so good as between breakfast and lunch, when there is not a trace of alcohol in my composition." As a specimen of his higher quality I will quote these few lines concerning one of the plagues of his life—bores:

"I had a letter from a fellow yesterday morning who must be a lunatic, to the effect that he had been reading my essays; thought I was just the man to spend a month with, and was coming down by the 5 o'clock train, attended by his seven children and his mother-in-law. Frost being over, there was lots of boiling water ready for him, but he did not turn up! Wife and servants expected nothing less than assassination."

As is well known, he was very fond of theological

disputation, and that his cut and thrust style was of a very exasperating character to some of his opponents, particularly to Mr. Gladstone, who remained his dearest foe to the end of life. Challenged, in 1892, to state his mental bias pro or con with regard to such matters as Creation, Providence, etc., he reiterated words written in 1860: "If, further, the doctrine is held to imply that, in some indefinitely remote past aeon, the cosmic process was set going by some entity possessed of intelligence and foresight, similar to our own in kind, however superior in degree, if, consequently, it is held that every event, not merely our planetary speck, but in untold millions of other worlds, was foreknown before these worlds were, scientific thought, so far as I know anything about it, has nothing to say against that hypothesis. It is, in fact, an anthropomorphic rendering of the doctrine of evolution." Following this, he says concerning Immortality: "I do not think I need return to 'subjective' immortality, but it may be well to add that I am a very strong believer in the punishment of certain kinds of actions, not only in the present, but in all the future a man can have, be it long or short. Therefore, in hell, for I suppose that all men with a clear sense of right and wrong (and I am not sure that any others deserve punishment) have now and then 'descended into hell' and stopped there quite long enough to know what infinite punishment means. And if a genuine, not merely subjective, immortality awaits us, I conceive that, without some such change as that depicted in the fifteenth chapter of the Epistle to the first Corinthians, immortality must be eternal misery. The fate of Swift's Struldbrug seems to me not more horrible than that of a mind imprisoned forever within the *flammantia maenia* of inextinguishable memories." The most intense and impassioned outburst of his life is perhaps contained in a letter to Charles Kingsley, written in 1860, after the death of his first son. This was a blow that pierced down to the primitive rock, and he spoke to Kingsley as to one who would understand him, and of whose sympathy he was perfectly assured. His passion for truth was never better exemplified than in it, but it was perhaps the solitary example of his casting away all restraint, and laying bare his very soul. It should be quoted entire, but UNITY can hardly afford me space for that. After stating at some length why he is utterly unable to accept the ordinary arguments in favor of immortality, he goes on to say: "The absolute justice of the system of things is as close to me as any scientific fact. The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain as that of the earth to the sun, and more so—for experimental proof of the fact is within reach of us all—nay, is before us all in our own lives, if we had but the eyes to see it.

"Not only, then, do I disbelieve in the need for compensation, but I believe that the seeking for rewards and punishments out of this life leads men to a ruinous ignorance of the fact that their inevitable rewards and punishments are here. If the expectation of hell hereafter can keep me from evil doing, surely *a fortiori* the certainty of hell now will do so! . . . And this leads me to my other point. As I stood behind the coffin of my little son the other day, with my mind bent on anything but disputation, the officiating minister read as a part of his duty the words, 'If the dead rise not again, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.' I cannot tell you how inexpressibly they shocked me. . . . I could have laughed with scorn. What! because I am face to face with irreparable loss, because I have given back to the source whence it came, the cause of a great happiness, still retaining through all my life the blessings which have sprung and will spring from that cause, I am to renounce my manhood, and, howling, grovel in bestiality? Why, the very apes know better, and if you shoot their young the poor brutes grieve their grief out, and do not immediately seek distraction in a gorge.

"Kicked into the world a boy, without guide or training, or worse than none, I confess to my shame that few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin than I. Happily, my course was arrested in time—before I had earned absolute destruction—and for long years I have been slowly and painfully climbing, with many a fall, toward better things. And when I look back, what do I find to have been the agents of my redemption? The hope of immortality or future reward? I can honestly say that for fourteen years such a consideration has not entered my head. No, I can tell you exactly what has been at work. Sartor Resartus led me to know that a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology. Secondly, science and her methods gave me a resting place independent of authority and tradition. Thirdly, love opened up to me a view of the sanctity of human nature, and impressed me with a deep sense of responsibility.

"If at this moment I am not a wornout, debauched, useless carcass of a man, if it has been or will be my fate to advance the cause of science, if I feel that I have a shadow of a claim on the love of those about me, if in the supreme moment when I looked down into my boy's grave without bitterness, it is because these agencies have worked upon me, and not because I have ever cared whether my poor personality shall remain distinct forever from the All from whence it came and whither it goes."

This love which became such a vital factor in his life first found entrance into his heart during his first visit to Sidney, in 1847, when he was 22 years old, and it remained as a restraining and inspiring influence through the eight long years of waiting before he could afford the care of a family, and afterward throughout his whole life. It was a case of love almost at first sight, and after a short stay with the chosen one, he sailed away, and saw her no more throughout the long years of waiting. The fact that letters could only be exchanged at intervals of months was an added trial of his devotion and constancy. I fear that the space of UNITY will not permit of further vital extracts from these important volumes at this time, but I hope many of its readers will search out others for themselves. Not all are as serious as the ones culled. There is much that is witty, much sarcasm, a great deal of pure fun, and almost every letter gives evidence of having emanated from one of the most striking personalities of the nineteenth century.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

An Old Hymn Book.

An old hymn book lies before me. Its title page is gone, so name and date are unknown, but it is evidently a centenarian, at least. It is bound in boards, covered with leather, and printed with the old-fashioned f-like s's. It contains no music, only several hundred psalms and hymns. The length of these sacred songs strikes one, showing that people in those days not only liked to sing, but had long services. One has eighteen stanzas; one twelve, with eight lines in each. Another has two parts, one of nine, the other fifteen stanzas, for some are written with a break described as "pause," perhaps to rest. One of the nine six-line stanzas minutely describes the terrors of the last judgment. We expect and usually find our hymns above the level of our creeds, for they voice the soul's aspiration, whose wings are faith and hope. Comparing these with modern hymns, the religious tide certainly reaches a far higher mark now than then, especially in our liberal hymn books, which omit the fierce and gloomy psalms that are often paraphrased. Here

is an extract from a hymn describing the creation of the world:

When the great Builder arched the skies,
And formed all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tuned his praise,
And every bending throne adored.

High in the midst of all the throng
Satan a tall archangel sat;
Among the morning stars he sang,
Till sin destroyed his heavenly state.

Notice the skillful rhyming; also the flavor of Milton. Another describes the fall of Satan:

What mighty storms of poisoned darts
Were hurled upon the rebels there;
What deadly jav'lins nailed their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair.

A flattering picture they give of man's origin and nature:

Back with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall.

Conceived in sin, (O wretched state,)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

And so on through eight stanzas. To sing this must have been inspiring. The eternal one is placed away off alone on his "topless throne," far from his children.

Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

His character is not very attractive:

Adore and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire;
His jealous eyes with wrath inflame
And raise his vengeance higher.
Almighty vengeance, how it burns,
How bright his fury glows,
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasured for his foes.

His eternal penitentiary is portrayed in glowing colors:

With holy fear and humble song
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and fear becomes the tongue
That speaks the terrors of His pow'r.

For in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell
And laid her stones of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.

There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath the rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.

What a sweet frame of mind one would be in after a song like that, if the music matched the words. Now he is ready with the Psalmist to call down vengeance on the enemy:

The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap,
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.
Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind,
Give them like forests to the fire
Or stubble to the wind.

One, called the pleasures of a good conscience, expresses a rather doleful kind of pleasure:

While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below,
Almighty grace renews our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory, too.

In picturesque language God's words are described as

Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.

But should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our everlasting souls shall rise
Above the ruinable skies.

This is the condition of fallen man:

My heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice.

It ends:

Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea;
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

Christ intervenes to save from the penalties of broken law, and his love supersedes the Father's wrath:

Let the old heathens tune their song,
Of great Diana or of Jove,
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and His love.

Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulph where Satan lies
Yawned to receive me when I fell.

Life is thought to be a mere desert, to be endured and crossed as soon as possible:

How short and hasty is our life,
How vast our soul's affairs,
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

This one is called "The Pilgrimage of the Saints":

Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, nor wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.
But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.
Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land,
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

The convicted sinner wails—Watts again:

With inward pain my heartstrings sound,
I groan with every breath,
Horror and fear beset me round,
Among the shades of death.

The sacrifice of the cross is thus portrayed:

Thus saith the Ruler of the skies,
Awake, my dreadful sword,
Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
My fellow, saith the Lord.
Vengeance received the dread command,
And armed down he flies,
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.

Some hymns dwell on death and the tomb:

Stoop down my thoughts that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death,
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

And some paint the beauties of a very material heaven, where the saint, secure within the walls, deigns to drop down a crumb in pity to a longing mortal below.

The description of the last judgment begins:

His vengeance sleeps no more, Behold the Day.

And another:

Heaven, earth and hell, draw near, let all things come,
To hear my justice and the sinner's doom.

Not all the hymns are of the character of those we select from, but so many that one closes the book with devout gratitude that the century has developed so great a growth of love to God and love to man, and given us sacred songs that are more uplifting, inspiring and helpful than those our forefathers sung.

Genesee, Ill. EMMA M. CHAPIN.

Higher Living. VII.

The babe by its mother
  Lies bathed in joy;
Glide the hours uncounted—
  The sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being,
  Without cloud in its eyes;
And the sum of the world,
  In soft miniature lies.

—*Emerson.*

There was a mother of whom it might have come—yea, might have come—to be said: "Her children arise up and call her blessed." In her I understand the meaning of that master who, perceiving the footsteps of his mother rose up and said: "The majesty of the Eternal cometh near."—*George Eliot.* (*Daniel Deronda.*)

Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them.—*Psalms.*

Over the mist-lands of trial and tremulous apprehension, let there helpfully brood the spirit of fellowship and ministry, grace and hope. Nowhere else in all this world is there a spot so sacred, or where so much is pending. For months, one woman's life has meant vastly more than mere living. Once again has the creating spirit taken possession of budding motherliness, and so on, even between heaven and earth has there been suspended all that is most vitally significant. As never before has Mary appreciated the worth of woman's life in the movements of God upon the earth, and so, too, has Elizabeth come and gone, rejoicing in the consciousness of the royal bond that holds all women in a sisterhood, which neither circumstances nor time nor eternity can seriously weaken.

And now the great trial hour is at hand, with confusion that necessarily perplexes, with pain that exhausts; with shocked sensibility that slowly becomes numb; with life that wanes and waxes, and all, as none other than woman may rightly understand, or measure. Betimes, courage, and faintness, and prayer flit across the shadowy horizons; and then, with what otherness is the struggle renewed, the final throe anticipated. All creation hath travailed for this moment; aye, is not the mother a part of the creative energy? Stand close now, all who are strong and inspiring. With hushed breath and weakening heart, see how tremulously balanced is this vital fortune; then, how triumphant. For unto the world a babe is born; the shadows are letting the light appear—a light so holy, that anyone may see, if he will, how nothing less than divine, is the event realized. And now, as the mother lies back so peacefully in the arms of Almighty love, how, from her self-offering, doth she radiate both the love and the light, from eyes that are indeed full of the sweet benediction of their satisfied beauty; and also because once more, a woman hath done what she could, and the seal of divinity has been thus set upon motherhood, never to be effaced.

Reverently looking back upon it, with what satisfaction does this picture of dynamic possibilities present itself to every normal sensibility. The peacefulness of it, the sweetness, the glory—who shall over-praise, or offer a too responsive heart! Likewise the ideality of it—of all this truly divine-human experience—of the time and place where life is successfully emergent. Let it never be lost or superseded. Let it be even as a living Bible, where may be read such psalms and beatitudes as shall lift the race, even unto heaven itself!

But, as the newly become mother looks wistfully down upon the tender product of her vitality for the unnumbered time, who shall chide or even wonder, if likewise certain rather deep questionings concerning the outcome of this particular experience, shall persistently intrude themselves upon her, now most divinely, sensitized consciousness; or, if, ere long, they shall soon give tone to all her thoughts, even unto a sadness unspeakable; or if her shivering fear and her more definite shrinking shall also be found, even in closest mingling, with her reaching forward, her great greed for life, and all her exultant pride of glorious achievement? Must she not, indeed, as a fact, ask herself always somewhat seriously, will the afterglow of this hour be exclusively a radiance of light unto light; or, instead of this, will there always certain dense threatenings hover too near, perhaps never to be dispelled? In fact must she not many times, in vague, if yet impressive, presentiment, already see her child growing through the coming years not only into the conservatism and fixity of constitution, given by herself and her mate on the one hand, but, on the other hand, into all the molding as well, which must necessarily come from the great, puzzling world in which humanity lives? * * * "At birth," says Emerson, "the gate of gifts is closed;" but the mother knows, that at the selfsame moment, other, even broader gates are opened—those through which enemies as well as friends may pass, and will pass, to help or to hinder the development of her child, and perhaps, to change its destiny forever. Hence, as she looks out through these gates and sees, not only people who have grown more into man-likeness and God-likeness, as they have come into touch with the world's powerful influences, but also other people—many others—who, under very similar conditions, have progressively developed traits, that have only proved their close affiliation with the lower orders of creation, and their most ready reversion to certain lower ancestral types, how our mother must realize, all too well, that possibly her own life may some day have to go out in one awful wail:—

"Who has drugged my boy's cup?
  Who has mixed by boy's bread?
Who with sadness and madness,
  Has turned my child's head?"

and, as she listens, oh! so anxiously, may possibly be denied any sort of retrieving, assuring voice in answer!

Lest then, our mother's apprehension turn into a seriously detrimental, or even vicious pre-determination, and so help to realize her own dread, let us, who may, in this self same moment, gently but firmly whisper to her so apprehensive heart: "Oh, yes, but then,

"Love works at the center,:
  Heart-heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses
  To the borders of day,
Deep love lieth under
  These pictures of time:
They fade in the light of
  Their meaning sublime,"

and endeavor thus, and in every good way possible, to inspire her to believe that through the "strong pulses" of her own self-appreciated, self-realized nature, she may yet be a part of, indeed by far the greater part of, the dominant influences in the world stage; and that many of the most ominous of her time pictures concerning her child may yet be made to fade far away, before her own diffusion of the better purposes and the brighter light.

Let her then incarnate the better idea, one which is as old as the voice that first said "mother," namely: that she is indeed, as her title says, "the maker of the race;" and that, in embodying this, her spirit may be constrained, in turn, to rise with her every effort, and so to make the ultimate outcome satisfactory, even as the one now so much longed for. Indeed, let but every birth-couch be made a spot so intelligent, so forethoughtful and so sacred, that both God and man shall be compelled to respect the mother's aspirations, and to help her to rightly, as well as instinctively create her progeny, and she need not doubt, that angel voices will have to be practiced anew in order to be expressive enough to sound all the mother's glory, or to announce the resulting good.

Let every mother heart, then, especially just when it shrinks from its fore-glimpses of possible trial, and sor-

row, take courage: for the deep Sphinx-riddle is really so much in her own keeping, that, if never completely solved, the joys of trying to solve it may yet be made to become more intense and permanent with every attempt. Let her take courage also to believe that the kingdom of heaven is not only within, but in the midst; and that even the little leaven of her own devoted personality, may so leaven the immediate environment that her progeny may be thus helped to a satisfactory development. Says Professor James: "The world we live in will be that which our ancestors and we by slowly acumulated strokes have of choice extricated out of experience like sculptors." Let these slowly accumulated strokes of ancestors be supplemented by other vital strokes of the mother's very own, such as are intelligently calculated to perfect the stature, and sometime, not genius, but the work of genius, will show forth the joyous acclaim of both earth and heaven.

SMITH BAKER, M. D.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The "Proceedings of the New York State Conference of Religion," held last November, in the city of New York, lies before us in a portly pamplet of two hundred and ten pages, published by Thomas Whittaker, No. 3 Bible House, New York. Our New York friends are more sumptuous in their standard of printing then the Congress of Religion can afford to be, but the contents whether studied in detail or in the large show the close kinship. It is not our purpose to review the book that is so well worth a critical estimate at this time. Suffice it to say that the fourteen topics represent a wide range of thought and feeling associated with the best thinking and noblest living of our day, and well deserves careful study. The book contains a postscript in which is printed the editorial estimate of the meeting, written by Lyman Abbott in the *Outlook* some two months after the session, which sums up the lesson of the Conference as follows:

"This Conference exemplifies the truth that there is a large realm of moral life in which all religions may cooperate. Like its predecessor, the Parliment of Religions, it strongly affirmed the oneness of the religious spirit and still more exemplified it impressively with its 'Book of Common Worship'."

This New York Conference has through its executive committee decided to take fraternal part in the meeting at Buffalo next June, and all things considered it was thought that this co-operation could be best exemplified by its becoming responsible for one day's session. Their program for this day is already foreshadowed and their secretary is busy at work filling up the details. Copies of this thought-provoking and thoroughly sane and inspiring book can be obtained, we believe, at the rate of one dollar a copy, by addressing the publishing house named above. We hope many of our readers will cultivate an intimate acquaintance with this organization, which though independent is so closely allied in origin, purpose and personality, with the Congress of Religion, which it is UNITY'S privilege to represent.

Permanent Contributions to Historical Literature.

The right of the G. P. Putnam's Sons to a place in the front ranks of American publishers is vindicated in many ways. The achievements of the Knickerbocker Press represent some of the earliest as well as the most notable typographical triumphs in the United States. Many of their books represent the latest skill and the highest art in modern bookmaking.

But the matter as well as the form represented by the Putnam output commands the respect and enlists the interest of the true book lover everywhere. If the Putnams were engaged only in putting out the three notable historical series, the latest issues of which now lie upon our table, they would still be a famous house, to which would be granted a permanent place in all the libraries where English books are kept, and they would compel the student who pushes his studies in any of the fields covered by this series to consult them.

From time to time we have commended in these columns the great series of books entitled "The Story of the Nations," which have been coming from this press for many years. The series now includes upwards of sixty books, and it would seem as though nearly every well defined nationality in the past or present has received a handling at the hands of one competent to write upon the subject. The last contribution has just arrived, "The Story of the Thirteen Colonies,"* as told by Helen Ainslie Smith, which runs through two volumes. Volume one includes the story of Virginia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York; volume two, the remaining nine colonies. These books do not supplant the more elaborate works of original investigation already in the field, but they do give in picturesque form the story which everybody is supposed to know, but which few do know, of the beginnings of what is now the great nation of the United States. The copious illustrations, the easy narrative and the beautiful typography make them books for home reading, for ready reference, for school children.

Next in importance to this "Nation Series" is the series edited by Evelyn Abbott, of Oxford, on "The Heroes of the Nations,"** thirty-two volumes of which are already issued, and a dozen more promised. This series also deserves and receives a welcome place upon our shelves. They are substantial books, clearly printed on fine paper of some four hundred pages each. The characters here treated reach from Pericles to Abraham Lincoln. Among the latest issues are "The Story of Charlemagne," as told by Professor Davis, of Oxford; "Alexander the Great," as told by Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California; "St. Louis IX. of France, the Most Christian King," told by Frederick Perry, a fellow of Oxford, and "William Pitt," by Walford Davis Green, Member of Parliament.

The third series of historical books to which we desire again to call grateful attention is the one entitled "Heroes of the Reformation,"*** of which there are five already out, viz.: "Luther," "Melancthon," "Erasmus," "Beza" and "Swingli." This series is a timely one, for too long has Luther been regarded as a lone hero. The reformation was not a person, but a movement, the prominent individualities being themselves products as well as producers. It is not our purpose at this time to review any of the works herein mentioned. Some of them have received careful notice in these pages in previous numbers of UNITY, some of them perhaps so long ago that they have passed out of mind and have gone the way of current reviews. If again we have succeeded in calling the attention of some of our readers to these books so handsomely wrought, so carefully prepared, so profusely illustrated, our object has been attained.

The Palace of the King.*

Those who conceive that the novelist has no right to exist save as he has some criticism upon life to

* "The Thirteen Colonies", by Helen Ainslie Smith, two volumes, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; $3.00.

** "Heroes of the Nations", G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York; illustrated, $2.00 per volume.

*** "Stories of the Reformation", "Huldreich Zwingli", by Samuel Macauley Jackson, Professor of Church History, New York University, with "Historical Survey of Switzerland before the Reformation" by John M. Vincent, Johns Hopkins University, and a chapter on "Zwingli's Philosophy" by Professor Foster of the University of California, with maps and illustrations. pp. 519. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $2.00.

express, some moral inspiration to convey, will be obliged to think of Mr. Crawford as lagging superfluous on a stage where he has never taken any useful part. But those who conceive that the novelist may justify himself by being entertaining and amusing, if nothing more, will have a different opinion. Mr. Crawford knows how to tell a story well. Few know how to tell one better. He can engage and hold our interest in his characters and in the movement of events. Seldom has he been more successful than in the case of the present book. The Palace of the King which furnishes the scene of the story is the palace of Philip II, of Spain. Mendoza, the head of his court soldiery, has two daughters, one of them in love with Don John of Austria, half brother to the king. The father thinks she can do better than to marry John. A beautiful circumstance is the love of the sister, Inez, for the duke, hopeless because of her blindness and subordinated to her love for her sister, Dolores. The course of true love runs with its proverbial irregularity. It would be ungracious to author and reader to indicate the several steps. There are scenes of great power and effectiveness and the character of Philip stands out in vivid ugliness, scarred deep with jealousy and duplicity. It goes without saying that Dolores, who makes herself of no reputation in order to save her father from a suspicion and charge of murder, himself confessing to the deed, is completely exonerated and gets her heart's desire. There is one advantage in the historical novel's remoteness in point of time. It does not challenge our sense of verisimilitude as do those of nearer date. Mr. Crawford's anachronisms may be many, but we get the impression of reality at every stage. J. W. C.

The Two Interesting Books by Prof. Shailer Mathews.*

These manuals have been prepared to give the general reader a brief but clear outline of the latest and best scholarship upon the topics to which each is devoted. They represent a laudable effort to popularize and vitalize the great discoveries of historical and biblical science.

The "History of New Testament Times in Palestine" will undoubtedly prove a valuable help to Sunday school teachers. Its statements are incisive and comprehensive. The treatment is scholarly; and yet, its pages are not weighed down with overmuch scholastic detail. The book has a good map, a full index, helpful genealogies, and abundant footnotes which direct the reader to the best literature on the subjects discussed. In the course of fifteen chapters, it tells the story of the Jews from the time of the Maccabees to the Roman destruction of Jerusalem, a period of over two hundred years. And the story is told with especial reference to the rise of the Christian church. The author occupies advanced ground rather than the old traditional position; but his method is instructive rather than controversial. On doubtful matters he inclines to cautious statements.

In chapter XIII, "Messianic Hope and Jesus the Messiah"—the treatment is in line with the higher criticism—a welcome evidence of the rapid acceptance of recent discoveries respecting the Bible. The varied and variable character of the so-called Messianic hope is frankly admitted. Such conclusions as the composite character of Isaiah and the late date of Daniel are taken for granted. Also: That the "Suffering Servant" in the former and the "Son of Man" in the latter, refer, not to a person, but to a people. And yet, twenty years ago such teachings would have been widely denounced as dangerous heresies.

Without going into details, a few critical remarks may be presented. Prof. Mathews does not bring out as clearly as ought to be done, to correct a popular but erroneous notion, the fact that the "Messianic Hope" (an unfortunate and misleading designation) of the Old Testament prophets is not so much the expectation of a personal deliverer, as it is the confidence in a good time coming—a commonwealth of righteousness and peace. This confident expectation centers chiefly in *a people*, not in *a person*. We ought to have two terms in this connection: "The Messiah Hope" and "The Messianic Hope." That which was greatest and best, most ethical and spiritual, in the Jewish yearning belongs to the *Messianic Hope*.

This being the case, Jesus was in no sense the fulfilment of the personal Messiah-Hope, whether found in the Old Testament or the later apocalypses. He was a product of the spiritual factors in Judaism (plus the original endowment of great genius), but he was not the Messiah expected. He in no way fulfilled the prophetic or popular ideals of a personal Messiah. His very greatness lay in the fact that he was something infinitely different and superior. He gave the broader *Messianic* yearning of his people a fresh and original interpretation. The old apologists argued: Jesus was God because he exactly fulfilled the predictions respecting a Messiah. This treatment has obscured what was greatest in Judaism and in Jesus. His divine superiority lies in the fact that he did something vastly greater: He gave a fresh interpretation to this hope and presented a character far nobler than the prophetic ideal.

A very serious defect of the little handbook is its inexplicable silence respecting the organic side of Judaism during this period. We find nothing about the synagogue, in many ways the most significant religious institution in the world; for it represents the transition from the sacrificial to the educational method in religion, from altar to pulpit, from priest to preacher, from temple to church. It is the key to the understanding of Judaism proper. It represents the training school out of which Jesus came. It was the tap-root that bore the Christian church. To ignore the synagogue in this connection is like writing a history of Great Britain and leaving out all reference to parliament.

The other book by Prof. Mathews, "The Social Teaching of Jesus," covers much of the ground traversed by Dr. Peabody in his work, "Jesus Christ and the Social Question," recently reviewed in these columns. Prof. Mathews does not attempt so full a discussion of the topics common to both, such as "wealth" and the "family;" he does not devote himself so largely to the various phases of modern socialism; but he introduces some new subjects: "Man" and "the state." These books may well be read together.

Prof. Mathews leads us in a discussion which is earnest in spirit, sane in temper, modern in scholarship, reverent but rational in its attitude toward Jesus. It faces in the right direction and it will surely be very helpful. It represents one of the many attempts to bring the teaching of Jesus into closer relation with our common human life. It is a practical and humanitarian rather than a speculative and mystical interpretation of the message of Jesus.

Indications of the *modernness* of this little treatise are evident in their passages, which indicate the broad outlook and progressive tendency of the author. They will be more welcome to the reader of UNITY than extended review or minute criticism.

Here is a valuable and necessary as well as significant admission: "The gospels now clearly contain

*"A History of New Testament Times in Palestine." By Shailer Mathews, A. M., professor of New Testament History in the University of Chicago. The Macmillan Co. 1900. In the series of "New Testament Handbooks."

"The Social Teaching of Jesus." By Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Co. 1900.

two elements: the teachings of Jesus, and the editorial material added to them by their writers. This second element is considerable in the Fourth Gospel, but by no means wanting in the synoptics," p. 13. An exceedingly hopeful statement, when we consider the professional and denominational position of the author. A logical application of the important truth will reconstruct the faith of Christendom, in time; and also issue in a rediscovery of Jesus that will place him upon a higher but a different throne.

We can all rejoice in this warning: "Christian sociology has been too much at the mercy of men who have mistaken what they think Christ ought to have taught for what he really did teach. Nothing is easier for the brain fertile in generalities and for the heart burning with sympathy and indignation than to evolve a system from a sentence or a term. In this particular Christian sociology is re-running the career of Christian theology," p. 7.

Here is a great truth worth laying to heart: "A perfect society cannot be created from imperfect people. That which stands in the way of the realization of many a man's ideal for society has not been its own logical inconsistency, but its failure to find or to produce the right sort of men upon which to work. The plan of the house called for marble and the only material at hand was mud. Jesus proposes to furnish good material as well as a noble plan," p. 209.

But it is equally interesting to note that Prof. Mathews does not hold Jesus responsible for the old hopeless view of human depravity. He frankly admits that Jesus assumed the divine capacity of human nature; and he gives us a sentence that one would not be surprised to find in the pages of Channing—an author more instructive and helpful, both on social and religious topics, than a great majority of present writers who give us nothing but a weak dilution of the spiritual and ethical wisdom of this great prophet of humanity. The sentence is this: "The new social order which he (Jesus) outlines is not beyond the powers of man as he conceives him. It is true that a moral regeneration of the individual is presupposed before society as such can be perfected, but here Jesus is true to human capacities," p. 196.

Having presented these few specimens from these pages, I trust that I have created a desire on the part of the reader to study the book, which can be heartily recommended as instructive and stimulating.

JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

D. C. Heath & Co. of Boston have succeeded in giving us the most convenient, most useful, and on the whole most practical Short History of American Literature. It is by Professor Bronson of Brown University; and is said to be designed for use in schools and colleges; we are inclined to think it is about the sort of a book that is needed in families for constant reference. The appendix on colonial and revolutionary literature is exceedingly valuable.

The World's Work, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., 34 Union Sq., New York city, is going to fill a place in American literature where it will be permanently needed. Its makeup is of the very best.

A two volume life of Phillips Brooks, just out, will hardly meet the demands of the public, who are asking for and who need a one volume revelation of the great heart that quickened so many lives.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The first pure altruism visible anywhere in nature is mother-love.

MON.—When a man ceases to pray the prayer his mother taught him he very likely ceases to pray at all.

TUES.—In a world where you cannot even cut a tooth without an agony it is absurd to think of growing a soul without pain.

WED.—The power of the sword and the ballot are mighty, but mightier far the power of womanly purity and love.

THURS.—The shortest way of arriving at the highest truth is to follow unswervingly the light offered by a lower one.

FRI.—What sweeter or more renovating influence is there in all the world than that of the woman who underneath the snows of age keeps the loving heart of youth?

SAT.—Nothing is surer than that pure love is pure beneficence and seeks only the good of the object beloved.

CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

My Life.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

—*M. B. Edwards.*

Goethe and the Children.

Simple tastes are not confined to people whose circumstances allow them to live the simplest lives. Goethe complained that nature had predisposed him for privacy, but destiny had put him into a princely family and troubled him with the administration of a state. One simple pleasure, however, he could always enjoy—the company of children. Intercourse with them made him young and happy.

At Easter time he was accustomed to invite his young friends to look for Easter eggs in his garden. They ran all over the place, and fought pitched battles for possession when they found the cunningly hidden treasures. Goethe would himself play with them until evening, and then crown the entertainment with a pyramid of sweetmeats.

Chambers' Journal recalls another annual occasion on which the poet gave pleasure to the children. It was long a privilege of a great public school to send its four best girls to congratulate him on his birthday. There is a widow still living in Berlin who was born in Weimar in 1812, and who had the honor of congratulating him on his birthday in 1823 and 1824.

The girls went in their best dresses, adorned with flowers, each bearing a plate with the most beautiful flowers artistically piled around a lemon. The valet received and announced them. Then Goethe came, accepted the floral offerings one by one, and heard each child recite a simple poem. He shook hands with the children, and talked to them for some time.

The final act of the program was the beckoning to the valet, who came and placed on each child's plate a head-piece (an old Austrian coin). This meant that the audience was ended.

So much did the children appreciate the honor of this visit that the old lady says it was one of the brightest memories of her childhood.

The poet had his aversions as well as his affections. He hated tobacco, dogs, and spectacles. When a spectacled person called to see him, he was respectfully requested to ungoggle himself before admission. The poet declared that he liked to see people's naked eyes.—*Youths' Companion.*

One of the best New Year's resolutions we have heard of anybody making is this: "Not to speak of mistakes which make no difference." How often the harmony of the home is destroyed by the persistent member of the household who will argue half an hour over the merest trifle. If one holds an erroneous opinion on a subject of any importance it should by all means be corrected. But what possible difference does it make whether Aunt Jane came to dinner on Tuesday or Wednesday? Yet we have listened to heated disputes that cast an ugly shadow over an entire meal, or spoiled an evening's enjoyment, upon subjects of no more moment than the time of a visit or the state of last week's weather. In dealing with children accuracy of statement should be carefully cultivated lest a habit of exaggeration or untruthfulness be developed. But for adults the foregoing resolution is worthy of general adoptoin.—*Helpful Thoughts.*

A King.

We talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat by the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed;
He was gentle, and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When "No" came slowly from Little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start:
"He wasn't a king—*outside*," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

—*St. Nicholas.*

April.

You think that April's weeping;
Ah, she's joking all the while.
Just watch her for a moment—
You'll see her brightest smile.

Her tears are tiny raindrops
That waken the violets blue
And all the other spring flowers
In meadows and woods for you.

The little birds all know her;
See! Mr. Robin's in town,
Wearing a vest of orange
With the darkest coat of brown.

—*Child-Garden.*

In the study of science there is least wrangling, least tyranny, least bigotry, no persecution. It teaches charity, it teaches a well-ordered life, it teaches the world to be more kind. It is the great new path of knowledge into the future.—*James Lane Allen.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE INTERNATIONAL ABOLITIONIST FEDERATION.—An appeal and announcement concerning the French branch of this important Federation has been prepared by its general secretary and comes to hand with the current number of the *Revue de Morale Sociale.* We give it below, omitting only the purely local paragraphs:

It will soon be thirty years that the International Abolitionist Federation has carried on its struggle against the regulation of prostitution. Successive congresses have been organized in different countries, and autonomous branches established with a view to common action against this social iniquity.

This year, circumstances seeming particularly favorable, it has been decided to hold a congress at Lyons, May 28-31. It will be opened in the *Hotel de Ville* under the presidency of Mr. Augagneur, mayor of Lyons and professor in the Faculty of Medicine.

Since the organization of the French branch of the Abolitionist Federation a great advance in public opinion has taken place in our country. Many have come to realize not merely the injustice and the immorality but the direct social danger involved in the official recognition of prostitution by the state, and the iniquity of putting outside the common law such numbers of women. Their fall is often the result of want, of temptations which are the result of the great aggregations and the conditions of woman's labor, and finally of the immoral education given to our youths and maidens.

Hitherto our efforts have encountered the opposition of a part of the medical profession, certain members of which would only look at the question from a false point of view, professional and protectionist, and also the inertia of men of the law as well as administrative routine. Happily for the cause we defend, there is progress in ideas. The medical congress at Brussels in 1899, while it did not admit the correctness of our position in distinctly affirmative fashion, did nevertheless show progress made toward more of justice. It adjourned without formulating any endorsement of the principle of regulation.

Today many of the most highly esteemed physicians proclaim with us the failure of regulation from a prophylactic point of view, its arbitrary and odious character and its fundamental injustice.

Furthermore, in many localities working girls' clubs, trades unions, political and philanthropic societies and religious organizations have put the question of regulation on their programs and denounced its odious prescriptions as they deserve. *In Paris the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme* (League for the Rights of Man), has begun an investigation of this subject which it is still carrying on, and which cannot fail to lead to conclusions identical with ours if the League remains faithful to its program.

The principles we defend are of such evident justice and such high morality that they ought to rally about them all those to whom human dignity and solidarity are not empty words.

The Lyons Congress will give special attention to the regulation of prostitution from the legal standpoint, but there will be a committee to study its medical and prophylactic aspect as well.

The committee of arrangements includes both men and women, some of whose names, such as Mme. Gevin-Cassal, Dr. Fiaux, Yres Guyot and Francis de Pressensse, are not unknown in America.

Those interested in this subject will read with interest an article on the social influence of the policing of morals (*L'influence sociale de la police des moeurs*) by Alfred de Merron, of Geneva, in the current number of the *Revue de Morale Sociale.* This quarterly review, which is not yet as

widely known in America as it deserves to be, Chicago readers can find at the John Crerar Library. The March number includes important articles on special labor legislation for women in England; woman in typography; working-women in Germany; marriage of officers; Mary Wollstoncraft, etc.

M. E. H.

THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA AND NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.

About a year ago you were kind enough to find in UNITY a place for a few thoughts from me on the old and new in California—the Catholic religion under the early Spanish explorers, and the liberal faith under the influence of New England. I have again had my spring outing and this year it has been in Florida and Nassau, N. P. Living as I do in the genial sunshine of Nebraska I am no longer fond of your lake climate and so I try to avoid as much as we have of it in Omaha during the spring months. I prefer to have my vacation in March or April and spend the summer at home playing golf, for in both the rest and the play I find health and recreation.

This is my first trip to Florida and perhaps a few details may interest some of your readers, or will at least show my own interest in UNITY. In passing rapidly through a new country one should not generalize much or come to any very positive conclusions, and yet one cannot avoid the impressions of the moment and I confess that to me Florida was a great disappointment. In saying so I am conscious of the fact that in looking at the new land I am bearing with me the familiar memory of the fertile fields of Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska and that is not fair, for each land has its own charm and something in which it excels—and in Florida that is above all else its climate—which is to me more enjoyable than that of California.

"Florida!" The very name conveys the idea of a land of flowers, hence the disappointment when one finds nothing but a soil consisting of sand and in vegetation nothing but scrub palms and a continuous growth of stunted pines. A fellow passenger said somewhat wittily that God had planted alligators in Florida to prevent at least some fools from going there, but I am inclined to think that Mr. Flagler is getting ahead of the alligators. In this as in many other things man is conquering nature. Mr. Flagler has spent his money with a lavish hand and at the same time with good taste and a wise regard for the convenience and comfort of his guests.

He owns the East Court railroad from St. Augustine to Miami, some three hundred and fifty miles, and may be said to own almost everything else of any importance along the road. I speak from experience and observation of what he has done at St. Augustine, Palm Beach and Miami, and he has indeed placed the northern people under a debt of gratitude to him. The sand of Florida has given place to something better than the garden of Eden and instead of the stunted pine and the "Wenpille Inn" we have the palm and the palace hotel. Mr. Flagler owns also the steamer which runs to Nassau each alternate day and at Nassau he owns the large hotels which now constitute the life of that ancient city. The harbor at Miami he has created at his own expense to a depth of some fourteen feet.

I will not attempt to describe the quaint old city of Nassau nor to tell the story of its history. It is one of romance, and the curious old town with its lovely harbor is in keeping with its history. I have picked up some verses published a few years ago in a Boston magazine and if your readers will picture themselves in the "old curiosity shop" of Mr. Camplejohn "In Bay-street by the Sea" they will get a better idea of Nassau and its beautiful harbor than I can otherwise convey. The lines, now that I can read them with the proper jingle, are very pleasing.

"What do you sell, John Camplejohn
In Bay-Street by the sea?"
"Oh, turtle-shell is what I sell
In great variety."

"Trinkets and Combs and rosaries,
All keepsakes of the sea;
'Tis choose and buy that takes the eye
In such a treasury."

" 'Tis none of these, John Camplejohn
Tho' curious they be;
But something more I'm looking for,
In Bay-Street by the sea.

"Where can I buy the magic charm
Of the Bahamian Sea,
That fills mankind with peace of mind
And souls felicity?

"Now what do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay-Street by the sea,
Tinged with that true and native blue
Of lapis lazuli?

"Look from your door and tell me now
The color of the sea—
Where can I buy the wondrous dye
And take it home with me?

"And where can I buy that rustling sound
In this city by the sea,
Of the plumy palms in their high blue calms;
Or the stately poise and free?

"Of the bearers who go up and down
Silent as mystery,
Burden on head, with naked tread
In the white streets by the sea?

"And where can I buy, John Camplejohn,
In Bay-Street by the sea,
The sunlight's fall on the old pink wall
Or the gold of the orange tree?"

"Ah, that is more than I've heard tell
In Bay-Street by the Sea,
Since I began, my roving man,
A trafficker to be.

"As sure as I'm John Camplejohn,
And Bay-Street's by the sea,
Those things for gold have not been sold
Within my memory.

"But what would you give, my roving man
From countries over-sea,
For the things you name, the life of the same,
And the power to bid them be?"

"I'd give my hand, John Camplejohn,
In Bay-Street by the sea,
For the smallest dower of that dear power,
To paint the things I see."

"My roving man, I never heard,
On any land or sea,
Under the sun, of any one,
Could sell that power to thee."

" 'Tis sorry news, John Camplejohn,
If this be destiny,
That every mart should know that art,
Yet none can sell it me."

"But look you, here's the Grace of God;
There's neither price nor fee,
Duty nor toll, that can control
The power to love and see."

"To each his luck, John Camplejohn
No less, and as for me,
Give me the pay of an idle day
In Bay-Street by the sea."

I am sorry to find nowhere in the south any active sign of our liberal faith and I cannot but think that a community, however it may otherwise be advanced, is not in touch with the progress of the new century if it is without a liberal church.

I wish that the A. U. A. and the rich and generous people who are associated with it might find the means of establishing a few Unitarian churches in the south. An increasing material prosperity, a more general education and a wider intercourse with the north and with the world in general, should make the people of the south ripe for a religion of freedom, fellowship and character.

THOMAS KILPATRICK.

Books Received.

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 57 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

"To Nazareth or Tarsus?" By the author of "Not on Calvary."

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED. LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK AND MELBOURNE.

"The Passing of the Dragon." By F. Jay Cragh.

THE SWEDENBORG PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, GERMANTOWN, PA.

"Death and the Future State." By S. H. Spencer.

D. C. HEATH & Co., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, U. S. A.

"A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible." By Richard G. Moulton, in A. (Camb.)

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

"Dwellers in the Hills." By Melville D. Post. $1.25.

"William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and the Growth and Division of the British Empire, 1708-1778." By Walford Davis Green, M. P. $1.50.

"Saint Louis (Louis IX., of France), The Most Christian King." By Frederick Perry, M. A. $1.50.

"French Life in Town and Country." By Hannah Lynch. $1.20.

"The Forest Schoolmaster." By Peter Rosegger. Authorized Translation by Frances E. Skinner. $1.50.

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AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK, which will be of much interest to all who are expecting to take advantage of the low rates to California this summer at the time of the Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco in July, has just been issued by the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R'Y. Much valuable information is given relating to the state, variable routes, etc. The rate via this line will be only $50.00 for the round trip from Chicago, with corresponding rates from other points. Copy of this book may be had free upon application to W. B. KNISKERN, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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